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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1888, by G. E. Desbarats & Son, at the Department of Agriculture.

VOL. I.—No. 13.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 29th SEPTEMBER, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS PER COPY.



HON. J. A. CHAPLEAU, Q.C., LL.D., SECRETARY OF STATE.

From a photograph by Topley.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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29th SEPTEMBER, 1888.

THE VERDICT.

With this issue, No. 13, the probationary quarter of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED terminates. It will be interesting and satisfactory, we hope, to our readers, to know that *their* verdict has been confirmed by the unanimous voice of the press throughout Canada. They will also be glad to hear that the circulation of this journal is rapidly and steadily increasing, new subscribers coming in by the score every day, not only from all parts of the Dominion, but from the United States, England, France and India. We now call on all our readers who, having taken a trial subscription of three months, are satisfied with their investment and approve of our aims, to renew their subscription by remitting us \$4 for a full year from date. That is practical support and approval. We ask all our friends to induce *their* friends to subscribe as well. A high-class illustrated paper is an arduous enterprise in a young country, and THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED requires and—unless the press makes an egregious mistake—deserves the substantial encouragement of every true Canadian.

We call attention to the following extracts, culled from many:—

Messrs. Desbarats & Son, Montreal, have clearly demonstrated that Canadians can publish a first-class pictorial weekly. THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED now stands without a peer in the ranks of illustrated journals, and the subjects of the illustrations invariably commend themselves, as they are not ordinary pictures reproduced, but either excellent originals or copies of gems of art. No Canadian production is more worthy of patronage than this excellent weekly.—*The Mail, Toronto.*

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is a journal of which every Canadian should be proud. They should be proud of it because it is a distinctively Canadian publication, which seeks in all ways within its scope to magnify and exalt Canada, and to make the excellence of the country and the people living in it well known and appreciated abroad, and at home also. Unlike some other journals published in Canada, it does not pander to any disloyal element, nor seek to depreciate Canada by ridicule and false insinuations. The illustrations, whether of persons, things or places, are all of the highest order of merit and very artistic and beautiful.—*The Canadian Manufacturer.*

The third number of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is before us. We cannot speak too highly of this publication, the last number of which is almost better than the first. The subjects selected for illustration, the pictures chosen for reproduction, are such as appeal to the best taste. The tone and execution of the engravings are alike excellent, and the letter press is quite worthy of them. We heartily wish THE DOMINION every success. Everyone ought to take it.—*The Critic, Halifax.*

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, in its four numbers, presents a variety of admirable illustrations that reflect a great deal of credit on the publishers, G. E. Desbarats & Son. The letter press is faultless and the literary contents of a high order of merit. We now have a high-class illustrated weekly that is creditable to our country.—*Books and Notions, Toronto.*

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.—This distinctively Canadian journal enhances its reputation by its edition of this week. The frontispiece is an excellent portrait of Sir Alexander Campbell, the popular Lieutenant-Governor of our sister province, an evidently correct group of the Council of the Toronto Board of Trade, and views of various points of interest. The reading matter is above the average, and, as usual, breathes in its every line the true spirit of CANADIANISM. All Canadians should buy THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, if only for the patriotic lessons it enunciates, to say nothing of the artistic worth of their money which they will obtain for the small sum of 10 cents.—*The Gazette, Montreal.*

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.—It is no wonder that this superb publication should be growing rapidly and steadily in public estimation, as its increasing subscription lists in this town prove. The last number is largely devoted to Toronto,

and is of unusual interest, the illustrations deserving the name of high art specimens. The letter press is up to the mark; indeed, it is constantly improving.—*Daily Examiner, Peterboro.*

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.—This paper has attained to very marked excellence. Its portraits, illustrations and pictures are admirable. The editorials and letter press generally are worthy of a leading journal.—*Presbyterian Witness, Halifax.*

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED not only holds its own, but continues to improve with every issue. It is undoubtedly the finest journal yet produced in Canada, and will do more than a hundred paid emigration agents to advertise this country abroad and to convince our British brethren that there is an unlimited amount of snap, enterprise and ability in Canada.—*Canadian Bookseller, Toronto.*

As a means of popularizing the creations of our best artists and writers, THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is wanted; and we sincerely hope that it will speedily obtain a large and cultured reading constituency to appreciate and maintain it.—*Daily Examiner, Charlottetown, P.E.I.*

A MERITORIOUS PUBLICATION.—One of the finest publications in America is THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. It is a credit to Canada and contains the finest engravings of interesting subjects from all parts of the Dominion. Those interested in the beauty of Canadian scenery and in securing the portraits of public men should not fail to secure this splendid new weekly.—*Free Press, Acton, Ont.*

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is doing good work. It is admirably printed on excellent paper, and the illustrations of Canadian scenery and public buildings, with portraits of our public men, are exceptionally good. Its articles are bright, readable and characterized by a literary finish which entitles this publication to a high place among Dominion serials.—*Daily Telegraph, St. John, N.B.*

We will add a few samples of earlier notices:—

It is a perfect gem; a thing of beauty; a work of high art. The plates are simply beautiful, the paper of a very high class, and the press work uncommon.—*The Shareholder, Montreal.*

Issued from the well-known house of the veteran publisher, so long regarded as the Maecenas of Canadian literature.—*The Daily Post, Montreal.*

The reputation of the Desbarats engraving firm is a sufficient guarantee of the mechanical excellence of the publication. The names of the writers and of the artists co-operating with the publishers create the expectation of a high literary and artistic standard for its contents. It is not to Canada's credit that she continues so long to go abroad for her picture papers.—*The Canadian Militia Gazette, Ottawa.*

A very beautiful weekly paper, containing the best of illustrations. It is such a paper as Canada wants and should have. Second to no illustrated paper printed.—*The Times, Port Hope.*

Admirable as an artistic production. This paper has come to stay, and if it does not it will hardly be the fault of the publishers or of the editor.—*The Canadian Trade Review, Montreal.*

Finer engravings are not found in the world. A publication which should meet with the hearty sympathy of every patriotic Canadian.—*The Stratford Herald.*

A credit to the publishers and to the people of Canada. Every picture is a work of art.—*The Kingston News.*

The portraits and views are like copper plate, and superior to what one ordinarily sees in English or American periodicals.—*St. John's News, P.Q.*

The literary portion is under the charge of one of the most charming of Canadian writers.—*The Daily Times, Montreal.*

It should be accorded a most generous support.—*The Evening Mercury, Guelph.*

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

From artists and photographers, professional and amateur, in every part of Canada we ask coöperation. Send us photographs and sketches of general and local interest. In these days of instantaneous photography, when KODAKS and other cameras are in everybody's hands, and pictures of every kind are so easily obtained, we should have views of every occurrence of any note; prints of camp scenes, sporting by lake and stream, in forest and moor; rural life, farm work, lumbering and other things too numerous to mention, pouring in on us from every quarter, so that we would have the *embarras du choix*. And then, the amateur would have the satisfaction of having his work reproduced facsimile, and of imparting some knowledge and pleasure to thousands of readers in every province of the Dominion, and even in the United States and England.



Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, presiding at the twenty-sixth yearly meeting of C. E. T. S., said that, in strict law, there was no vested interest in the liquor trade. This is one of those oracular statements which are hard to prove, but it ought to be further investigated, as, if established, it would have a sweeping social and economic result.

Newfoundland has taken a deplorable step, to the disappointment of thousands of its friends in Canada, in backing down from even a conference to discuss the scheme of Union. It looks very much as if the old island is to stay bound hand and foot by a couple of preponderant monied monopolies that will keep it backward in the race of British American Colonies.

At the twenty-first yearly meeting of the Canadian Medical Association, lately held at Ottawa, the President, Dr. G. W. Ross, made a masterly survey of the general standing of the profession in the country, and drew attention to the curious complexity of medical legislation in Canada, in consequence of each province being free to look after such matters for itself.

Then the meeting, in view of the want of uniformity in matriculation, curriculum or qualification for practice, echoed the hope of its president that, before long, some arrangement may be made whereby at least a Dominion medical register shall be introduced at Ottawa, so that, on entry therein, it would be possible to practice medicine throughout the Dominion without unnecessary and undesirable confusion.

As an example of contrast to the American spirit of enterprise and their love of "go," we may state that whilst the St. Paul Board of Carnival Directors, who took their cue from Montreal, have decided to hold the fourth carnival next winter—in Montreal not only has no decision been reached, but it is not certain that even the needful money will be forthcoming.

Toronto has also set the example. The late exhibition is pronounced the most successful ever held, with receipts covering outlay in large measure, and every encouragement held out for another show next year. In Montreal we have permanent buildings and vast grounds, unsurpassed in the whole Dominion, and they have been lying idle these four or five years.

Hydropathy is as old as the world, because founded on common sense. When the light-hearted Anacreon sang the praises of water—*ariston men udor*—he was laying down a fundamental principle of life. The use of water, in all shapes and forms, filtered, unfiltered and mingled with mineral water, is indispensable to health. And its use to the surface of the body is ever salutary.

But it is the hot water treatment that is the simplest and best, being infallible in its effects. The number of renowned men who have used it is legion, and among them may be cited Edmund Burke. It forms an integral part of the Saulsbury system. The rule is to take a bowl of hot water, sweetened to taste, two hours before each meal and before retiring to bed. You will thence never suffer from any disorder of the stomach.

Hamilton, "the ambitious," is displaying its spirit of enterprise in the right way. At the last meeting of the Board of Education, the proposal was made to establish night schools. The Management Committee reported that they had agreed to recommend the establishment of three such schools, the course to be of three nights a week, for twenty-two weeks, one male teacher to be appointed for each class at \$1.50 a night.

The subject of university fusion or federation is still discussed in the different provinces, especially Ontario and Nova Scotia. The latest is the proposal of union between King's College and Dalhousie, whereby it is generally agreed that both institutions would profit, without losing the stamp of individuality by which the two are distinguished. The most important is to raise the standard of scholarship.

The retaliation farce is still going on in the American Congress, to the great edification of outsiders. First, there was the President's extraordinary proclamation; then, the blustering articles of the Democratic organs; next, the passage of the measure through the Lower House, with only four Republicans daring to vote against it, and now comes its blockade in the Senate, through Mr. Sherman's tactics. In other words, the President is shorn of his thunder.

A new society has arisen in the United States, rejoicing in the classic name of Typothetæ. From the name one would imagine that it was composed of type-setters, which is the meaning of the compound word, but it seems, on the contrary, to be made up of publishers, both in and out of newspapers, between whom and the National Typographical Union there will be war before long. From the last meeting in New York, however, it looks as if the Typothetæ were going to take up the question of International Copyright in earnest.

THE TURN OF THE LEAF.

A long walk around about the Royal Mountain, yesterday afternoon, showed us the first steps of the autumn season, which betoken the departure of the warm weather and the coming of the wintry season. A few weeks ago, we mused together on the summertime, and listened to the multitudinous harmonies of summer music. Then the meadows and the woods were gay and green; the waters flowed clear and abundant in their channels; the harvests bowed in their fullness; the flowers scented the air; the ripe fruits hung from the trees; bird and butterfly enlivened the landscape by their colours and their song. But now, all is changing. The hand of death and decay is asserting its force, and we are reminded, with Horace, that we ourselves, with all that we have, belong to death.

Debemur morti nos nostraque.

Where all was pleasant sound, now is stillness; where all was varied colouring, now is darksome sameness; where all was growth and profusion, now all is decrepitude and bleakness. Athwart the favourite woodland, where we roamed, the winds blow shrill; the birds are hushed; and from the trees the dry yellow leaves are falling. Some fall in lonely nooks; some in the hollow road, trampled by wheel and hoof; others on the quiet waters, which they cover as a mosaic, and others are driven by the shifting winds in eddies over the ground. And the sky is ashy grey—small flakes begin to hover in the air—the faint, infrequent cry

of belated birds strikes the ear like a warning—overhead the dry branches rattle like broken spears, and, under your feet, the crackling of crisp leaves startles you, in your walk.

It is the wreck of the forest—an image of life. Leaning, as we did yesterday, against the trunk of an elm, looking at its red and saffron leaves turning and dropping around us, thought went back unconsciously to the silver days of spring and the golden days of summer. One by one we saw them bloom and droop—those that we loved—till we remain forlorn in the solitude of this mountain wood, and feel, with all the bitterness of hopeless regret, what it is to be well-nigh alone in the world. Those who have parents, brothers, sisters, a warm fireside and fair hopes of life, cannot duly understand the blight of that dereliction which deprives one of all that makes this world tolerable, of all—even of the one who was the last prop, the last comfort in the inevitable sorrows that surround us. Alas!

Prayer was vain for death to leave her, prayer that God might stay the fever;
Night and morn we both besought Him to remove the hectic bloom;
Springtide gave the fatal blooming, summer found the bud consuming,
And God took her in the autumn and the red leaves strew her tomb.

The last leaf falls from the elm, the last loved one passes from earth, and beyond, within sight of the white slabs of the two marble cities—Mount Royal and Cote des Neiges—it is very dark in soul and sky. Yet we may not weep as they who have no trust. There is a comfort for every woe, a hope amid the gloom of every despondency. The falling leaves form the mould out of which the spring flowers and the summer corn will grow, and our sorrows and our heartaches will yet turn to springs of unblended gladness in the days that are everlasting.

The reader, we trust, will not look upon these lines as sentimental. Our paper is meant for the lovers of the beautiful, and the admirers of nature, in the brown autumn fields, and the bleak desolate woods. None but the cynic or the epicure fear to be charged with sentiment. The *nil admirari* school is hypocritical and has no real existence. Old Dr. Johnson pretended to love the shadow of Fleet street more than the cool green lanes of Windsor Park, yet how eloquently he describes rural scenery in *Rasselas*. Pope is said not to have appreciated a natural landscape, and yet he wrote sweet eclogues after the best manner of Theocritus and Virgil, and laid out his Twickenham grounds like a garden. Byron took the Lakers to task for their pastoral loves, their devotion to nature, and still who better than Childe Harold has sung the elemental grandeur of ocean, Alpine storm, and tempestuous night, or the sympathetic beauty of field, forest and fell?

BRITANNIA.

"Britannia rules the waves" is true in a peculiar sense of the pleasant little watering place known by this fair name,—famed in song, if not in story. A railway run of some five or six miles from the Capital City brings the traveller to what, at first sight, appears only a desolate little wayside station; but, ere pronouncing sentence on its rocky soil and scanty vegetation, let him mount that rugged hill, with summit worthily crowned by a dear old Methodist Church, and, seating himself beyond the brow, gaze across the tent-dotted plain toward the foaming, tumbling rapids, taking into his lungs their sweet breath; into his heart the holy lessons whispered among the tree tops from "over the hills and far away."

Or, bending his steps toward "The Old Mill," "The Spig," or "Lakeview Terrace," as some of the tenants of the improvised miniature residences in that old structure prefer to call it,—let him, from the delightful promenade of its broad verandah, survey the beautiful Lake Deschenes at his feet. What more refreshing, in the sultry August weather, than the contemplation of Britannia,—rather its floating population,—male, female and infantine,—bathing, boating, wading and swimming with impunity in those delightful waters? What, indeed, except a personal experience of the delightful dip, a *liquid promenade* as far as "the pier?"

Those who are fond of tracing resemblances to that imaginary land of beauty—Fairy Land—will find its name many times on their lips as they ruminate on the shore of the little lake. See the boys of all ages, in every available boat, eagerly making off with trees and brushwood toward the nearest pier, for a bonfire *on the lake* is in contemplation, and even the beautiful silver moon, capable of rendering those dancing waters so brilliantly bewitching, may look down upon them jealously as they shimmer in the rosy light of the magnificent bonfire. See the little girls in their quaint bathing costumes, sporting with the waves, the babies in their mothers' arms shrieking with excitement and delight at some unexpected dip; the very dogs, who began by angrily barking at the waves, now plunging boldly in after their little masters and mistresses; the poor old horses, too, pressed into the service of that prospective bonfire, patiently wading out with their load of brushwood.

Socially, also, Britannia offers abundant facilities for enjoyment, the number of young people in attendance each summer increasing as its attractions become better known. It is seriously to be hoped that among the many young ladies consolation may have been found for the astonishingly large number of bereaved young men whose voices from all quarters were borne upon the evening breeze in the sad refrain:—

"O my darling—O my darling—O my darling—Clementine—
She is lost and gone forever—dreadful sorry—Clementine."
Ottawa. A. T.

LITERARY NOTES.

Browning says that the only poems he knows anything about are his own. He seems to have attained to a knowledge that is denied the rest of the world.

Mr. James MacGillivray, B. A., a graduate of Toronto, and Ph. D., Leipsic, has just been appointed professor of modern languages at Queen's University, Kingston.

Montreal has another scholar, Rev. Henry Rembe, pastor of the German Lutheran Church. He is the author of several learned works, one of which we shall shortly review.

Mr. James Coppon, M. A., Glasgow, educated at the High School, Dundee, and at the University of Glasgow, is appointed professor of English language and literature at Queen's.

The governors of McGill University have appointed as lecturer in German language and literature Mr. P. Toews, M. A., modern language master in the Collegiate Institute, London, Ontario.

At the first yearly meeting of the Maritime Press Association, a committee considered the low advertising rates current among Maritime papers, and will probably recommend a general advance of 25 per cent.

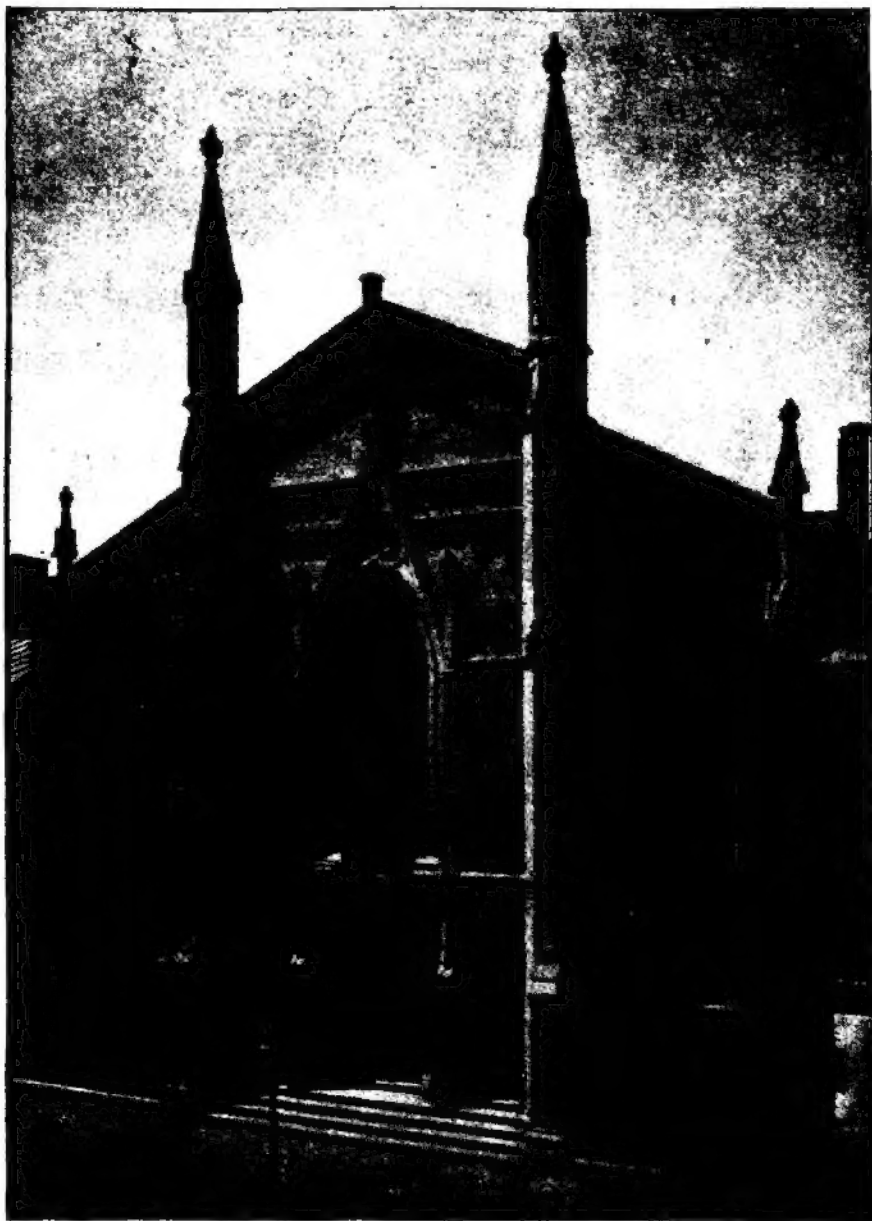
Mr. W. D. Lighthall has concluded his work of the selection of Canadian poets and poetry, for a special volume of the Windsor series, London, and sent off his copy on the 20th. The book will be published forthwith.

The International Literary and Artistic Congress, now in session at Venice, has decided that authors' copyrights should include the right of translation. The congress expressed the wish that the United States would accept the Berne convention.

The first researches of the late P. H. Gosse, F. R. S., in natural history, were carried on in Newfoundland and in the Dominion, and the second work issued from his pen was entitled "The Canadian Naturalist," in 1840, based on a study of the zoology and entomology of Lower Canada.

The distribution office at Ottawa has received the report of the Senate committee on the resources of the great Mackenzie basin. It makes a valuable volume of over three hundred pages and contains the fullest information relative to the character of the vast territory lying to the north of the Saskatchewan watershed. Half a dozen maps greatly enhance the value of the book, and the whole is a lasting monument to the energy of Hon. Dr. Schultz.

OLD METHODIST CHURCH.—The pick and the shovel have done their work in totally effacing one of the old ecclesiastical landmarks of Montreal, known as the St. James Street Methodist Church, the scene of many a large gathering of that religious body, and whose walls echoed the eloquence of several of the great masters of Wesleyan speech, like Punshon and others. A temple of commerce will replace the church in that central locality, which is said to be the most valuable property, by the square foot, that there is in Montreal. But the church itself is more than replaced by the magnificent pile on St. Catherine street, corner of City Councillor, which bids fair to be one of the largest and



most beautiful churches in Canada. We purpose giving a full page view of the new church when completed.

"EVOLUTION."—This is rather a scientific word to apply to craft wrought of deal boards and hammered iron plates, but it expresses the idea exactly, all the same. You have here, in the one basin, at the mouth of the Lachine Canal, Montreal, a picture of the primitive horse-boat of the St. Lawrence, replaced further on by the stout and strong propeller, fitted out for the river trade and the transport of market produce, and then towering in her majesty, the immense and handsome four-master, the pride of the Allan fleet—ocean steamer Parisian.

THE OLD METHODIST CHURCH, ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, RECENTLY DEMOLISHED.

From a photograph by Parks.



"EVOLUTION," A VIEW IN MONTREAL HARBOUR.

From a photograph by Henderson.



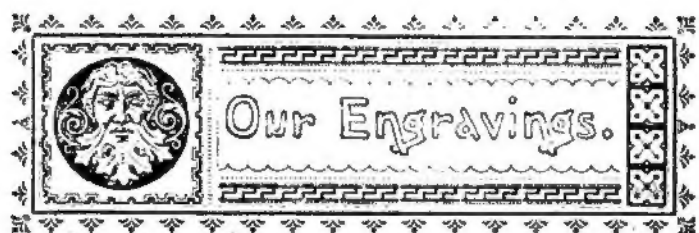
"ROSS PEAK," SELKIRKS.

From a photograph by Notman.



THE CHAUDIÈRE FALLS, OTTAWA.

From a photograph by Topley.



HON. JOSEPH ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU.—The portrait of the Hon. the Secretary of State, which we publish in this number, besides being a work of art, is a true presentment of the original as he is to-day, and shows to his friends that he still keeps in health the well-known features of former times. Mr. Chapleau was born at Ste. Thérèse de Blainville, on the 9th November, 1840, and educated at Terrebonne and St. Hyacinthe. He was called to the Bar in 1861 and attained the silk in 1873. He entered public life at an early age, and was elected to the first Provincial Legislature, for Terrebonne, in 1867, taking office in 1873 and again in 1876. He was leader of the Opposition from 1878 to 1879, and then was called upon to form a Government, from which he resigned in 1882 to take office in the Federal Cabinet. He represents his native county of Terrebonne, at Ottawa, as he did at Quebec. He was sworn of the Privy Council and appointed Secretary of State of Canada on the 29th July, 1882. His career, as Dominion Minister of the Crown, is well known. In 1874, Mr. Chapleau married Marie Louise, daughter of Lieut.-Col. King, of Sherbrooke. He was created a Commander of the Legion of Honour in 1882, and of the Order of St. Gregory the Great in 1881. He is Professor of International Law of Laval University.

ROSS PEAK.—A grand and gloomy picture of one gigantic mountain taken from a cluster of mountains in the Selkirks. Ross Peak is 3,600 feet in height, and the Illicillwaet River, at an altitude of 3,563 feet, flows hard by, of no great size, but turbulent. The Great Glacier, which we have already given, is hardly a mile away, and seen on the left of the picture, and the Glacier House is on the mountain side, where the Loop River is reached and the railway line makes several startling turns and twists, crossing a valley at the foot of Ross Peak Glacier, touching a moment on the base of Ross Peak itself, then doubling back to the right a mile or more upon itself to within a biscuit's toss.

THE CHAUDIÈRE FALLS.—Among the innumerable cascades of the St. Lawrence and its mighty tributaries there are none so familiar as the Chaudière, that boom and seethe, at Ottawa, true to the old French name given them by the raftsmen of yore. The photograph is taken at a time when the river was high and full, conveying a good impression of the great flood tumbling in the chasm, as it has done for centuries.

"LAC FOU" CAMP.—This is one of the resorts of the Laurentian Club, founded in the spring of 1887. The lakes leased by the club are contained in the country bounded on the west by the line dividing the counties of Champlain and St. Maurice; on the north by the Mattawin River; on the east by the St. Maurice River; on the south by what is known as the Pêche Lakes. These lakes are divided into four distinct groups, viz., the Pêche Lakes, four in number, discharging their waters into the St. Maurice River, about six miles above the Piles Railway station; the fourth lake of this chain is within two miles of the St. Maurice River, and but five miles from the railway station, a branch of the North Shore Railway, having its terminus on the St. Maurice River, some thirty-five miles from the City of Three Rivers. The first and second lake together, six miles in length, are inhabited by lake trout, the only two lakes in the lease having fish of that species; the third and fourth lakes contain speckled trout exclusively in great numbers.

"LAC FOU," NORTH.—Fool's Lake is a queer name for very beautiful and "sensible" sheets of water. "Lake Fou" consists of a group of nineteen, the centre of which is Fool's Lake proper, of irregular shape, about four miles long, containing speckled trout averaging two pounds. We may have occasion to return to this subject; meantime we give the officers of the club: T. V. R. Brown, of Montreal, President; Edward B. Cowles, of New York, Vice-President; W. H. Rintoul, of Montreal, Treasurer; Selkirk Cross, of Montreal, Secretary. House Committee—William H. Parker, of Montreal; R. D. Savage, of Montreal; L. A. Boyer, of Montreal. Directors—T. V. R. Brown, of Montreal; Edward B. Cowles, of New York; B. F. Nichols, of Boston, Mass.; William H. Parker, of Montreal; Edward E. Allen, of Boston, Mass.; Charles E. Carter, of Lowell, Mass.; J. Van Sicklen, of Burlington, Vt.; L. A. Boyer, of Montreal; R. D. Savage, of Montreal.

THE FIRST ATTACK. From the painting by Clisenti.—Those who love the humorous rather than the melo-dramatic or pathetic in art will find exactly what will gratify them in this picture. The military groom, after having seen many an attack in flood and field under Mars, is on the point of making his "first attack" under Venus. We imagine that most of those who read this notice will know far more about such attacks than any mere description could possibly give, and we can but appeal to their experience to confirm that the comic "What-shall-I-say" expression on the proposer's face and the "What-is-he-going-to-say" coyness on the wooed one's, indicate clearly that the attack will be successful. This picture, by A. Clisenti, was painted in 1880, all his other works, being of a military kind, possessing great merit and honour.

BECEIL MOUNTAIN.—One of the most picturesque and best known of the mountains of Quebec Province, a favourite summer resort, and full of historical associations. Our view is from the north bank of the Richelieu River, a little above the railway bridge, or at the angle thereof. The reflection of the clear water with the image of the great mountain there is the first object of admiration; then we have the white steamboat quay, at St. Hilaire, and in the background the manor of the Campbell-Rouville family, the whilom seigneurs of this fair valley.

INDIAN BASKET MAKERS.—These must be itinerant natives, from Bécancour or St. Francis mayhap, representatives of the Abnakis. They are on their way up to Lake Champlain and down the Hudson to sell their wares of bead, wicker and embroidery work, and stopping in the shade of the maples and elms at Beceil to provide for an increase of their stores.

ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL.—This is the principal Episcopal Church in Toronto, of early English Gothic architecture, and beautifully executed. The internal effect is somewhat marred by the heavy wooden galleries, which are about to be removed, and alterations made to the extent of \$40,000. The massive tower is 150 feet 3 inches in height; the spire is 139 feet 9 inches high, and the wrought-iron vane 16 feet, making a total height from the ground, 306 feet, being several feet higher than Trinity Church, New York, and the highest in America. The total cost has amounted to about \$166,000, including the peal of bells. In 1875 the celebrated chiming and illuminated clock, which took first prize at the International Exhibition at Vienna, was purchased from J. W. Benson, of London, England, by the citizens of Toronto and presented to the dean and churchwardens of St. James' on Christmas Eve, 1876. The movement of the clock, next to that of Westminster, is the largest in the world, and in point of quality of material and finish of workmanship is unequalled by any. The clock plays the Cambridge chimes on the smaller bells every quarter of an hour, and strikes the hour of the day on the larger bell. In 1876 the site was enclosed with a handsome new fence, set on stone.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

One of the little airs and graces that are affected by theatrical people is their positively final appearances. Indeed, somewhat after the manner in which they advertise their "two hundredth night," they might, with about equal propriety, advertise their "two hundredth final appearance." Or, taking a hint from Sir Richard Cartwright, they might call it a "finally, finally, final appearance." As they post up this sort of thing about as many times as the boy in the fable cried "wolf, wolf," the consequence is that no person pays any attention to it. The great Barnum, who is said to have remarked that humbug is the best bug that was ever introduced into the show business, has also made use of that *final* humbug. It reminds one of the auctioneer, with his "third and last call," followed by half a dozen "goings," after which he begins all over again.

It is an evidence of the almost inexhaustible resources of human ingenuity, that when the fullness of the heart cannot be spoken out of the mouth, it can be run off on the fingers. The dumb alphabet is certainly a great institution. And with those whose misfortune it is to require to use this system, the constant practice would, no doubt, effect a great proficiency in spelling. All the orthographical proficiency in the world, however, could never compensate (in the case of a proposal, for example), for the "accents soft and tender." It is hard to associate anything very sentimental with talking on one's fingers. Here is a hint for a story. A gay Lothario carries on a flirtation, by means of the dumb alphabet, with a rare and radiant maiden in a window across the street; becomes infatuated, seeks and obtains an interview—only to find she is deaf and dumb!

Canada is gaining the distinction of supplying mankind, to a considerable extent, with "man's best friend," the horse. The estimation in which Canadian horses are held elsewhere can hardly fail to be a little gratifying to one's national pride. And the reputation which we have thus acquired should be steadily maintained. The fine veterinary colleges which have been established at various points will, no doubt, tend to the preservation of a high standard of equine excellence. We might cherish even the laudable ambition to have our horses rival the famed steeds of Arabia. In one particular, however, the climate is against us, I fear. Sound and hardy as the Canadian horse undoubtedly is, it is not likely that it will ever be

remarkably large. In high latitudes the horses are somewhat smaller than in low ones, and we shall probably succeed better with carriage-horses than with those for draught purposes. Illustrations of the stunting effect of a cold climate upon horses may be found, I think, in the Canadian pony, but more particularly in the Shetland. The smaller proportions of the latter are, no doubt, owing to a longer exposure to the conditions, as horses were introduced into America from Europe. Our climate, however, affords sufficient variety, and our horses will, no doubt, vary according to the climate in which they are bred.

Ottawa has recently had the medicos in council. Clad in the professional cloth, and wearing the conventional silk hat, they added to the atmosphere of respectability which ought to be one of the characteristics of a capital city. When we are told that "doctors differ," it is pleasant to have the evidence under our own eyes that doctors agree. In his address, delivered before the association, Dr. George Ross, of Montreal, touched upon some points of general interest. He drew attention to the utility of parks, those civic lungs, as instrumental in the prevention of disease. This is magnanimous, for the *cure* is the part of the physician, but the *prevention* takes the matter out of his hands. To the physician, therefore, the reverse of the old proverb is true, and "an ounce of cure is worth a pound of prevention." Reference was also made to the proposed adoption of some standard of medical education which will be recognized over a broader area than at present. It is to be hoped that this will include ample facilities for hospital training, before they get a chance at the "halt, and maim, and blind" outside; for one would about as soon be "butchered to make a Roman holiday" as to be butchered for educational purposes. These meetings, such as the one that has just taken place at Ottawa, are very pleasant and fraternal; and, I think, it may be said, to the credit of the medical practitioners, that they fraternize to a greater extent than the legal luminaries.

A little agitation for the equipment of a new law school in Toronto is being carried on by certain educationalists outside of the Law Society, who blame the Law Society for its apathy. It is true there are some studies, the practical knowledge of which can be acquired only by collegiate training. In medicine, for example, the subjects for dissection and anatomical study, with their necessary accessories, can hardly be obtained or utilised outside of college walls. There are other studies, in regard to which collegiate training is of little or no practical value. They tell us that the present Law School at Toronto has been very poorly attended, the reason, no doubt, being partly that the students very wisely prefer practice to theory. Transaction is to the law student what dissection is to the medical student. I very much doubt if the student can elsewhere find a more serviceable training than that afforded in a lawyer's office. Indeed, it is not only for the law student that it affords an excellent training, but for anyone. And it is with the office rather than with the university that many of the world's most brilliantly successful have been identified, not only in law, but in letters, of which the most familiar examples are probably Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott.

REPOSE.

Nature, our universal mother, charms
Our poignant griefs—and gains
A mastery o'er them: lulls the pains
We could not bear but for her beauteous arms
Enfolding us. Bids us even weep
Our tears upon her soft caressing cheek—
Chiding us not, though we have often erred
Against her graciousness and have deterred
The good from gaining entrance—while she sings
A tuneful theme to soothe our sufferings.
Her whisper calms our every thought of thrall,
Till by her tenderness and mercy thrown
At last, we fainter grow, and fainting fall
Into that sleep whose waking is unknown.

Belleville, Ont.

MAY AUSTIN.

CANUCKIANA.

Just think of bears in Pembroke. The papers told the story of a she bear, with her three cubs, roaming through the streets. The writer was assured by Mgr. Lorrain, dwelling at Pembroke, that it was really true.

In the little town of Thessalon, Ont., there is a bright little paper, *The Algoma Advocate*, in one issue of which there are three references to bears making free in that country and its surroundings. Thessalon seems also full of partridges.

Meldrum Bay, Ont., is a lively place. Among the "personals" of the local paper we find that Mr. Burnes is still there with his darling old stick; Mr. Misner is a fine little man, and floor manager when the boys dance Dan Tucker, and Mr. Shotrow is ahead of the Calthumpians.

A certain party in Meldrum will lose his pants if he does not trade them off, as you can't see them for patches. They have a string band there, Mr. Macdonald playing the fiddle and Mr. Fitzpatrick the triangle. And the girls are good, Miss James and Miss Fitzpatrick attending church and Sabbath school regularly.

Wild tomatoes are found along the banks of the White Mud River and in other parts of Manitoba. The vines are small and the fruit is the size of pigeon eggs. They make good preserves. The range of leguminous growth in the Northwest has not yet been scientifically ascertained, but it will, doubtless, be large.

With regard to birds, there are several varieties in Manitoba, which are unknown in Eastern Canada. The sandhill crane is one, not found anywhere else in the Dominion. There are also the magpie and the cormorant, strangers to us down here. It is a question, however, whether we have the inimitable English magpie.

There are badgers in the United States, especially in the west and south, but none in this part of Canada. They find them, however, all over the Northwest. The North European wolf roams through the Rockies, and even prowls down the Foot Hills into the prairie. The hedgehog is also to be added to the fauna of the Northwest.

We learn from *The Emigrant*, a valuable Winnipeg publication, that, on the hills of Pembina and on the Tiger Hills, heather is often found, and Scotchmen go in raptures when coming on a branch of purple bloom, reminding them of home. Another exceptional thing is the growth of black-thorn among the scrub of the Tiger Hills.

An Indian mound was lately opened near the village of Cypress River. In it a human skeleton was struck, pieces of the skull and other bones being found. The body had been burned. A piece of pottery was unearthed, and two teeth, with a piece of bone having the shape of an arrow head.

One of the explorers, Mr. S. K. McAdoo, then breaks out into verse:

Departed spirits of the voiceless past,
Whose bones lie mouldering in your haunted mounds,
Will ye not break the silent spell at last
And speak your secret from the solemn grounds?
Say, early travellers of this earthly way,
Where we at length have toil and you repose,
How fared you in your once allotted day—
What clouds and suns alternate o'er you rose?
What good propitious lent a listening ear
To catch the pleading of your fervent prayer;
And have you gained at last some better sphere?
O, silent shades, let us your secret share.

A thrilling adventure of Mr. Abraham Shaw, of Kingston, in the Coteau Rapids. He took a small boat from St. Zotique to Valleyfield, was upset and had to get on the bottom of the boat. He first tried for Valleyfield, then for Clark's Island, but failing both, plunged into the boiling waters of the south channel of the Coteau Rapids. Then he was hurried towards the "Grand Chute," one moment under water, the next in the air. He was wounded as he flew through the rapids, and had to hold on by a boat hook, which pressed itself into the fleshy part of his hand. Getting into smoother water, he was rescued, and conveyed to Grand Isle. He was in the water for two hours and forty minutes, and though somewhat exhausted, soon recovered.

"KISS ME, MAMMA, I CAN'T SLEEP."

The child was so sensitive, so like that little shrinking plant that curls at a breath and shuts its heart from the light.

The only beauties she possessed were an exceedingly transparent skin and the most mournful, large, blue eyes.

I had been trained by a very stern, strict, conscientious mother, but I was a hardy plant, rebounding after every shock; misfortune could not daunt, though discipline tamed me. I fancied, alas, that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature, as one day, when she had displeased me exceedingly by repeating an offence, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and upon sending her to her little couch, I said: "Now, my daughter, to punish you, and show you how very, very naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to-night."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great, mournful eyes wide open—I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then, and I left her with big tears dropping down her cheeks, and her little red lips quivering.

Presently I was sent for. "Oh, mamma, you will kiss me; I can't go to sleep if you don't!" she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling, as she held out her little hands.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction, that I might impress the fault upon her mind. That was the very way I had been trained, till I was a most submissive child; and I remembered how often I had thanked my mother since for her straightforward course.

I knelt by the bedside. "Mother can't kiss you, Ellen," I whispered, though every word choked me. Her hand touched mine; it was very hot, but I attributed it to her excitement. She turned her little grieving face to the wall; I blamed myself as the fragile form shook with half-suppressed sobs, and saying, "Mother hopes little Ellen will learn to mind her after this," left the room for the night. Alas, in my desire to be severe, I forgot to be forgiving.

It must have been 12 o'clock when I was awakened by my nurse. Apprehensive, I ran eagerly to the child's bedroom; I had had a fearful dream.

Ellen did not know me. She was sitting up, crimsoned from the forehead to the throat; her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at their glances.

From that night, a raging fever drank up her life; and what think you was the incessant plaint that poured into my anguished heart? "Oh, kiss me, mamma, do kiss me; I can't go to sleep! You'll kiss your little Ellen, mamma, won't you? I can't go to sleep! I won't be naughty if you'll only kiss me! Oh, kiss me, dear mamma, I can't go to sleep!"

Holy little angel! She did go to sleep one grey morning, and she never woke again—never. Her hand was locked in mine, and all my veins grew icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out of the beautiful eyes; whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips. She never knew me, but with her last breath she whispered: "I will be good, mamma, if only you'll kiss me!"

Kiss her! God knows how passionate, but unavailing, were my kisses upon her cheek and lips after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers that she might know, if but only once, that I kissed her. God knows how I would have yielded up my very life could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well, grief is all unavailing now! She lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at her head and a rose bush at her feet; there grow sweet, summer flowers; there waves the gentle grass; there birds sing their matins and vespers; there the blue sky smiles down to-day, and there lies buried the freshness of my heart.

Grant Allan goes on doing good literary work in England. He is another Canadian living abroad who does honour to the land of his birth.



Nova Scotia has already begun to ship apples to Britain. The Medicine Hat Coal mines will be opened immediately.

A colony of English gentlemen are purchasing fruit farms in Nova Scotia.

The first shipment of salmon, containing 340,000 cans, was lately made from the Skeena River.

Six thousand sheep from the Cochrane ranch in the North-West were lately in the market at Winnipeg.

Strawberries, blueberries, and raspberries shipped from Aroostook Junction this season amounted to nearly \$23,000.

Returns from seven gold mines in Nova Scotia for August gave 567 ounces of gold from about 1,280 tons of quartz rock.

The number of alewives caught and pickled near St. John, N. B., this season was 2,785 barrels. The total catch will be 4,000 barrels.

Ontario will have 15,000,000 bushels more grain than last year. The oat crop is larger by 10,600,000 bushels, barley by nearly 4,000,000 bushels, and peas by 1,400,000 bushels.

The total of the assessable property in the new assessment roll for Sherbrooke is \$2,910,150, being an increase of \$117,230 on last year. The census shows a population of 9,000.

The big lumber firms in Ottawa are in trouble owing to the scarcity of ships at Quebec and Boston. They annually ship 100,000,000 feet or more of sawn lumber to England. This year the Quebec forwarders cannot get ships.

The Fishery report for 1877 shows that out of a total catch of \$18,430,000, Nova Scotia's share is \$8,300,000; New Brunswick's share, \$3,500,000; Prince Edward Island's share, \$1,000,000, and the rest of the Dominion \$5,630,000.

The Halton License Commissioners have passed a regulation that no liquor shall be supplied to any person under the age of 21 years in any licensed tavern, and the bar-rooms must close at 10.30 p. m., except on Saturday, when they close at 7 p. m.

ORIGIN OF THE SCHOONER.

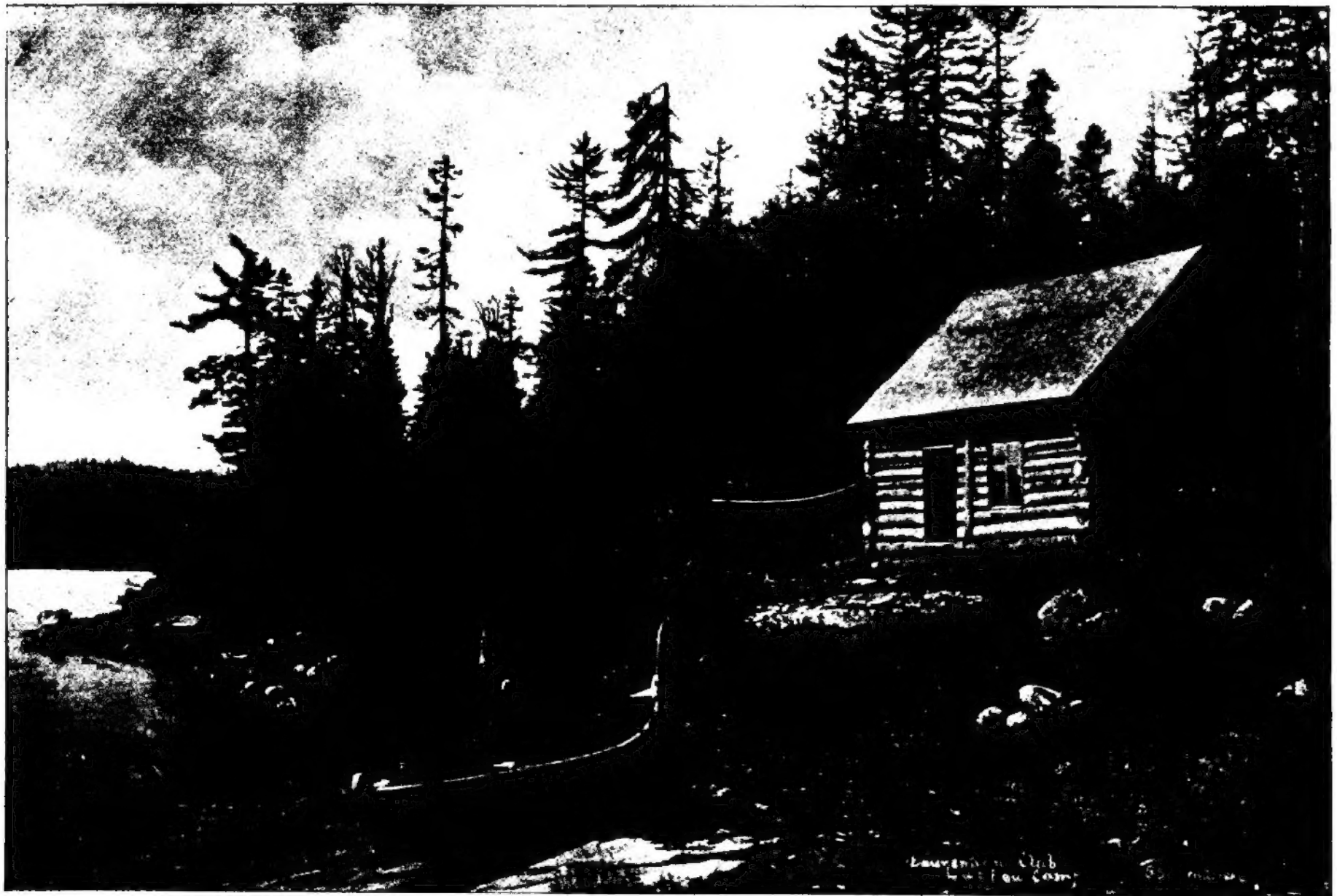
A. D. 1708.

Tragabizanda, headland fair,
Of old North Shore, the region where
Two centuries ago, and more,
Coasted in boat along the shore
Captain John Smith, who, on this land
Of rock and cove and forest grand,
Bestowed the Oriental name
In memory of a Turkish dame;
Here, at "the harbour" of Cape Ann,
Dwelt, erst, a stalwart, vigorous man,
One justly famed for work well done;
His name was Andrew Robinson.
He builded ships and smaller craft
Of both "square-rig" and "fore-and-aft."
He felled the timber, hewed the beams,
Laid keel, frame, plank and caulked the seams.
Himself a gang, a canny crew,
All "builded better than they knew,"
A curious craft by him designed,
Constructed by his master mind,
Bolted and pinned, secure and staunch,
Removed the shores, hauled up the ways,
(A custom rife in earlier days),
Secured the bilge with chock and wedge;
The bows supplied with hawse and kedge;
Assembled crowds from far and wide
To be there at the "top of tide,"
In waggon, cart, on horse, on foot,
In shallop, ketch, and open float,
Eager to see the great event
Of new style craft to water sent.
The "after-block" is knocked away
Clearing the passage to the bay;
Trembling, she moves, she glides, she flies—
A glorious sight to watching eyes,
And as she slides the tallowed shoon
A strange voice cries, "Oh, don't she scoon!"
The tone is loud, distinct and clear,
Rising above the hearty cheer.
When that strange voice the builder heard
His quick mind grasped the curious word;
He cried to all on land and sea:
"Well, then, a schooner let her be!"
Ere long her flag aloft unfurled
Proclaimed the schooner to the world.

—Cape Ann Advertiser.

A LAURENTIAN CLUB RESORT.

From photographs by Henderson.



LAC FOU CAMP.



VIEW ON LAC FOU, NORTH, NEAR CAMP.



THE FIRST ATTACK.

From the painting by Clisenti.

Photograph supplied by Mr. G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

QUEEN BEE.

BY BLANCHE L. MACDONELL, MONTREAL.

Author of "World's Great Altar Stairs," "Atonement of Madame de Blémont," "Old Patch," etc.

I.

"Queen Bee," I lamented, solemnly. I really believe there were tears in my eyes I was so deeply touched by the mournful nature of my own convictions. "You would be simply perfect, only that, when you were made, the womanly heart and soul and faith were left out of you."

Bee, the sweetest, archest, daintiest coquette that ever beguiled a man of his heart, was certainly amused, but scarcely impressed, by my earnestness. Her eyes sparkled, the dimples deepened in the pretty cheeks, the fair face bloomed into fresh rose colour. I regarded her with a sort of despair. A beguiling innocence was one of her chief characteristics. Her brightness, and her little impulsive vanities and audacities, were just a part of that girl's art. What could one say to a clever and caustic young person, who always remained mistress of the situation? A creature with grave, childish eyes, and a tender voice, who was as worldly wise as the shrewdest old dowager of them all. That was one of the things that always exasperated me about Queen Bee. I was thoroughly convinced of the exceedingly reprobate nature of her proceedings, yet I could never succeed in actually despising her.

"Queen Bee," I continued, severely, "you remind me—I grieve to judge you harshly, but it is absolute truth—you irresistibly remind me of Austin Dobson's 'Belle Marquise,'"

Just a pinky, porcelain trifle,
and its very shocking."

With a faint flutter of red on her cheek, a soft uplifting of the dark fringed eyes, Bee broke into the merriest peal of laughter.

"Pate tendre, rose du Barry,
Quick at verbal points and parry,
Clever, certes—but to marry—
No, Marquise."

Do you really consider me as clever as that, Cousin Martha? Then it's no wonder that the Smiths and Browns and Jones' persist in fluttering about me. It's rather a feeble and ineffectual kind of homage, and not at all the sort I require."

That child's heartlessness shocked me so deeply that I could have cried over it. She was absorbed by her absurd folly to the very verge of ruin. The Aubreuil de Tardieus were one of the most ancient families in the Province of Quebec, but everyone knew that the old house was fast crumbling to decay. Madame de Tardieu prided herself upon her ancient lineage, and in order to sustain its glory, she mortgaged her property, until nothing remained but debts and duns and entanglements. She wore a brave face till the last, though the strain had been so great and none of her own helped to bear the burden. Her daughter-in-law, Madame Adolph, was always termed a charming woman, who took very good care that no one should ruffle her placidity. Even that old autocrat, Madame de Tardieu, shrunk from the hysterical tears and plaintive reproaches which the slightest allusion to any trouble evoked from Hélène. I was very fond of Adrien de Tardieu, but I was sometimes tempted to wonder why he did not apply himself seriously to his profession, instead of drifting about in that aimless, leisurely, enjoyable fashion, which all his friends deplored. Adrien was very handsome, gay and amusing. He has every attractive gift that a man can have, except a capacity for making money, and, unfortunately, the poor boy has inherited an immense faculty for spending it. I am not in the least mercenary—indeed, Queen Bee's heartlessness has always shocked me dreadfully—but, of course, if a man can't make money, he must manage to secure it some other way. Things in this world are so perverse, that instead of marrying some of the rich girls, who were ready enough to smile upon, that foolish lad must add to the miserable complications by falling desperately in love with his penniless cousin. Adrien was a

man of very strong feeling. It was most touching to hear him deplore the family troubles—such a contrast to the cool amusement with which Queen Bee always alluded to them.

"We are respectable, well-bred paupers—the very worst kind, I assure you—Cousin Martha," she would say, with a comical quiver of the pretty mouth. "If we have luxurious tastes, and nothing a year to gratify them with, at least we understand how to carry ourselves with an air and make the most of our departed glories. Do you know that they are marketable commodities, those decayed glories, even in these degenerate days?" I watched Queen Bee dancing that night. She looked like an elfin sprite or a fairy queen. It was a barren, dreary place, Bédou's seaside hotel at Pointe-au-Pic. I was perfectly aware that I would have been much more comfortable in bed, yet there I sat watching her, fascinated, just like that crowd of silly boys. With ruin staring her in the face, her spirits never failed, and if it had been anyone but that shallow, trifling Bee, I should have thought that there was an odd touch of desperation about her vivacity. All her fun was tinged with a delicate spirit of satire that gave it a piquant flavour, and she held her supremacy with admirable self-possession. Daring to audacity, she smiled and sparkled for everyone alike. The stupid boys—not that they were all boys, either, for there was Adrien, with that thrill of foolish bliss in his elegant eyes, and old Mr. Rowe, stout, bald, pompous, the widower of two wives—joined the throng. If he had been a poor man, the youths would have jeered at him, but wealth has its privileges, and they all stood aside respectfully. Bee's witching deference enslaved the modern Cræsus, and the uncertainty which always attended her varying moods contributed to the piquancy of the situation. Really it was a sorry spectacle. I am persuaded he must, in his heart, have been ashamed of his idiotic folly. He kept glancing at me, half deprecatingly, half defiantly, as though he resented my observation. In my room, after it was all over, Bee bewailed herself with spirit and vivacity.

"It's very hard work entertaining the Smiths and Browns and Jones'. They all look alike and say the same thing, and in time their brilliant witticisms become monotonous. I'll tell you a secret, Cousin Martha. I am a sham all through. Though these foolish men are convinced I am a beauty, I am not even very pretty. I have fine eyes"—regarding herself, with strict impartiality, from arching foot to pretty head, as she stood, a slender creature, with a soft, rose bloom palpitating on either cheek, lustrous, wistful eyes, the proud little head, crowned with masses of bronze-brown hair, in the dim depths of the tarnished mirror, in which everything was reflected in the most hopelessly distorted fashion—"I have fine eyes and I dress up to them. Every penny that I could beg, borrow or scrape, I have spent upon my dress this summer. Oh! Cousin Martha,"—holding me in a close, impulsive clasp—"how lovely it must be to be peaceful and placid and elderly, as you are."

Did I fancy it, or were there really tears in the wine-brown eyes? The fringing lashes were quite wet. I have always been noted for my penetration in fathoming motives and analyzing character. I was far too wise to be impressed by Queen Bee's mock sentiment. It might be the reaction after the long strain of fatigue and excitement, and that consummate little actress was not at all above playing tricks to move the feelings of a simple-hearted old maid.

II.

By next morning she had recovered her customary vivacity. She was everywhere the centre of the merriest, most rollicking groups of young people; the low, sweet laugh rang out like music. The restless glow and sparkle of the girl wearied me.

"Do you never intend to rest?" I enquired, somewhat sharply.

"There will be plenty of time for rest when I have settled my affair. This sort of thing may be shocking, but it at least has the merit of being amusing. Just think of the long, dull years of

domestic felicity of Darby and Joandom that are to come," nodding to me with bright significance.

That was another of Queen Bee's exasperating traits that I always resented. She persisted in bestowing her unwelcome confidences upon me, and then treated me as though I were a fellow-conspirator. Old woman as I am, I blushed. If I could only make you understand the strict English fashion in which my sisters and I were brought up. We never walked in the street unattended. We were thought to maintain our dignity and to carry ourselves as gentlewomen, displaying a coldly gentle reserve to the opposite sex. If we had permitted ourselves to express our sentiments and follow our own inclinations with the independence that girls do now, poor, dear mamma would certainly have fainted away. Bee had imbibed all these loose, colonial ideas, and had absolutely no dignity to maintain. I never could account for it, but she had a way of blushing and dimpling and glancing up at them that always fascinated men, who were ever ready to cast themselves at her feet.

Just before tea, as I was taking my constitutional (I need scarcely remark that I am excessively regular in all my habits), I perceived that something was attracting the attention of a group of young people near me. My worst enemy could not accuse me of unbecoming curiosity, but I have always considered it quite commendable—nay, quite an obligation—to keep oneself posted concerning all that goes on. There were smiles and significant glances exchanged by the group on the piazza. I recognized the tolerant shrugs with which Queen Bee's friends accepted her escapades.

"Queen Bee's latest freak. The very last edition of Beauty and the Beast, Miss Kemp." In sustaining a reputation for brilliancy, Gladys Preston succeeded admirably in appearing very sharp and ill-natured.

A *calèche* was dashing swiftly down the precipitous, stony road; the sturdy Canadian pony flew like the wind; the *habitant* driver cracked his whip; the rickety vehicle swayed and bumped and jolted on its high wheels. Queen Bee was flushed and triumphant, and her companion was that unutterably absurd old man. The girl arrived remarkably cool, composed and well poised. There was ready audacity in her sparkling glance. Mr. Rowe was purple, breathless and well-nigh apoplectic; in his violent efforts to assume a jaunty air, he succeeded in looking pitifully, pathetically disreputable. I deplored the poor old soul's humiliation. It really wounded my feelings to see him beaming with ineffable satisfaction over his own fatuous folly.

"Prince Charming has made his appearance," whispering as she passed, with that reckless, impatient laugh, that always shocked me.

"What does she say?" Adrien asked, quickly. "What design has taken possession of Queen Bee?"

"Design," I repeated, resentfully. "A nice design, truly, making a fool of that wretched old man."

Adrien shook his head in emphatic denial. There was a curious look of enlightenment in his eyes; odd, strained tones in his voice.

"He is very rich. Bee means something."

I felt for Adrien. All my friends are aware that I have had many excellent offers, and that I might have settled in the most advantageous manner, yet the pained look in that poor boy's eyes revived an old, old memory. I remembered the bitterness and wrong, the keen edge of wretchedness, the long, dull agony of parting. Ah, me! Do we never really forget? I spoke, with a rising tremor in my throat:

"Adrien!" I cried, impulsively, "she is not worthy of you."

"What's the use?" he exclaimed, savagely. "What chance could there be for such a poor devil as I with a woman like Queen Bee? We De Tardieus are an ill-fated lot. I always foresaw what the end must be, and now the game is all up."

I cried over that lad, and petted and sympathized with him. I am certainly very fond of him, but I must confess that he was not as ap-

precipitate as I should like to have seen him. He was irritable and impatient in his misery, even appearing to resent my timid suggestions that I could understand his feelings, as I had gone through precisely the same experience. He broke away from me abruptly. I don't wish to do any one injustice, but I had a suspicion that he muttered some rather strong language. There was a hop that evening at Bédard's. It was the last of the season, and the desperate attempt made by the ballroom, where the smoking, flaring coal only made darkness visible, was rather forlorn. Mr. Rowe had cast aside all sense of shame and supported himself with an elephantine ponderosity that was irresistibly comic. Once, just at the end of the evening, I saw Adrien waltzing with his cousin. His face was white and stern, but her eyes shone like stars, and a spot of flaming crimson burnt on either cheek that rivalled the blood red roses in her corsage.

III.

When it was all over, Mademoiselle de Tardieu came to my room as usual.

"The drama is ending; the curtain drops, Cousin Martha." She was pale, with a strange, excited pallor; her eyes were wide open, bright and sparkling. "Exit in the most highly satisfactory manner of Madame Rowe, number three, *née* Mademoiselle Beatrice Aubreuil de Tardieu, amidst the admiring congratulations of her friends, foremost of whom is Miss Martha Kemp."

I regarded the brilliant little figure seriously. She dropped me a courtesy, very pretty, very profound. That mocking light I detest was gleaming in her eyes, as she pointed to the diamond solitaire that was gleaming on her finger. Exasperated beyond endurance, I rose in my wrath.

"Beatrice de Tardieu, this farce has gone too far. If you were nine, instead of nineteen, I should be tempted to shake you. It's quite sufficient to have beguiled that infatuated old idiot without attempting to make a fool of me as well."

Queen Bee raised both hands in pretty, petulant protest.

"Do stop, Cousin Martha. Later, you will be quite wretched when you remember your own words—you who are so proper. Just fancy describing a man as an infatuated old idiot to the girl who is going to be his wife."

"You, Queen Bee?" I repeated, blankly.

Adrien was right. There had been deep design beneath all the girlish folly and levity. The sharp contrast between the fair young face, with its air of believing trust, and the shrewd worldly wisdom, smote me with a keen pang. You see, I had mostly known women who were loyal, tender, faithful souls, prizing truth and constancy as highly as life or honour.

"And Adrien?" I enquired, sharply.

She looked at me, with a strange darkening of the brown eyes.

"Adrien leaves by the late boat to-night. Did he not tell you, Cousin Martha? It's well it's settled. We are to be married as soon as we return to Quebec," with coolest unconcern.

"Do you know what you are doing, what you are casting from you?" I asked, contemptuously.

"Such women as you are are not capable of realizing the blessedness of being a good man's wife, loving your husband and little children, humbly thanking God for your happiness. The destiny you have chosen suits you well."

She was toying carelessly with a rose; she tore it to pieces in the most deliberate and leisurely manner; the warm colour rushed over her face, as, with a quick gesture of impatience, she tossed the petals from her. Suddenly, all the illumination of the next instant that girl was sobbing and gasping and panting, with her hand clenched hard against her breast, though even then she struggled defiantly against the passion that possessed her, choking back the sobs that shook her like a convulsion, forcing a smile upon her lips that still quivered.

I left Pointe-au-Pic the next day. I did not attend Queen Bee's wedding, though I heard glowing accounts of that imposing ceremony.

The beauty and brilliancy of the bride, the wealth and importance of the groom, made it one of the social events of the season. The de Tardieu seigneurie was not sold, and I heard that, while constantly bewailing the plebeian nature of the connection, with her granddaughter, Madame de Tardieu had graciously allowed herself to be prevailed upon to accept any benefits which Mr. Rowe's wealth could confer. When I heard of Bee's unvarying brightness, spirit and vivacity, a painful doubt as to whether some human beings are not born without souls would intrude upon my mind.

One day, two years later, I received a telegram. Queen Bee was dying, and had expressed a desire to see me. I had only thought of her in connection with colour and youth and brilliancy. I remembered her girlish love of fun, her loveable wiles, her transparent little vanities; then I realized how closely little Bee had wound herself around my heart.

The next night I found myself in Quebec. Mr. Rowe was very limp and feeble in his grief. I liked the way in which the old man spoke of his young wife. He told me how docile and gentle and affectionate she had been, how pleasant she had rendered his old age. Madame Adolph had utterly sank under the pressure of the emergency. Madame de Tardieu, grim, gray and autocratic as usual, still turned a brave face to impending misfortunes. She insisted that the doctors did not understand Mrs. Rowe's case, and described her own opinions concerning the symptoms with so much cleverness, that she talked herself into a belief that no immediate danger was to be apprehended.

It was the likeness to her old brilliant self that touched me most in the dying girl. The old brightness triumphed over the sore pain and dull lethargy of severe illness. At the sight of me the old, laughing light flushed into her eyes.

"You never quite understood, but you thought you did. You were always so wise, Cousin Martha," with a ghost of the saucy smile which had lent piquancy to her girlish beauty.

I passed the night at Mrs. Rowe's bedside. Just as the gray dawn was breaking, I woke from a shivering, startling, uneasy slumber—a border in which dreams and realities were inextricably blended. With a cry I started to my feet, smitten by the tragic pathos of little Bee's dying eyes. She was speaking very softly and gently.

"It matters so little, now that it is all over. I knew that it meant ruin for him and for all of us, but you can tell Adrien now that I loved him dearly—so dearly that I could not endure my life without him."

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

We have learned on scientific authority that a grain of wheat, recovered from the folded cernment of a mummy, buried for thousands of years in Egyptian sand, when sunk in modern earth, a few years ago, burst its shell, rose to the sun and put forth its little sheaf of golden corn.

A like story—and as pretty—is told of a little Grecian flower. When piles of rubbish and scoriae were lately removed from the ruins of the ancient Laurium, we learn that seeds buried there revived, and a yellow plant, unknown to modern botany, sprang forth, and blossoms and lives under the name of the Flower of Laurium.

And so, let us hope, will Grecian mind and glory be also resurrected. That was Byron's dream and toast sixty years ago:—

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

In the last line of the song, however, the poet dashed down the Samian cup in despair.

I was reading a proof of my own, the other day, and passed over the transposition of one proper name for another, without ever noticing it, although the correct copy was before me. Thackeray bewails the like mistakes, in his case, for

calling Jones—Brown, and Philip Firmin—Clive Newcome. He comforts himself with the hope of never making worse blunders.

Speaking of Thackeray, reminds one of his ignorance of the natural history of the household. Upon your honour, do you know the price of butter or of sugar or of milk? He does not know how much lard is used in his house, nor does his wife, nor do his daughters. *Nichts*, says he, and shame on them. Of course, the next morning, he makes a dash on Lactantius—that is, the milkman—to know all about his cows, and the rest of it.

All the Roman Catholic nations have had, and most of them have still, each a college of its own in Rome. Canada is about to have a like advantage. The Sulpicians of Montreal have built there, and will open, on the 8th November, a college or seminary for young ecclesiastics destined to the priesthood. The course, extending over several years, includes dogmatic theology, moral theology, canon law, Biblical exegesis, church history, homiletics, Hebrew language and sacred eloquence.

In books, in the pulpit and in the newspapers, men are still hammering away for and against the enforcing by legislation of the rules on Sabbath breaking, the Scott and Dunkin Acts, and such like, with arguments which each regard as new and original. And yet here is Horace who, two thousand years ago, put the main thing in a nutshell: "What avails the law without morality?"

Quid leges sine moribus
Vanae pro proficiunt?

The following parody of Randall's "Maryland, My Maryland," from the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, is above the average of such attempts, and deserves to be inserted in this column:—

The haddock's feet are on thy shore,
Canada, my Canada!
The halibut is at thy door,
Canada, my Canada!
For smelt and gudgeon, chub and eel,
For codfish, hake and mackerel,
Arise and meet the Yankee steel,
Canada, my Canada!

Thou wilt not cower in the brine,
Canada, my Canada!
Thou wilt not drop thy fishing line,
Canada, my Canada!
Defend the sculpin, save thy skate,
Strike for thy shad with sole elate,
Don't swear and spit upon thy bait,
Canada, my Canada!

Deal gently with a herring race,
Canada, my Canada!
Put up thy swordfish in its place,
Canada, my Canada!
If for reprisal thou would'st sue,
Just turn thy other cheek, please do,
And take a Yankee smack or two,
Canada, my Canada!

It is a moot point how far common sense dwells with the common people, and whether it is true that the populace is always right. This sounds like revolution. And the proverb *Vox populi vox Dei* smacks of blasphemy. Junius had the notion that "the people are seldom wrong in their opinions; in their sentiments they are never mistaken. When a man possesses a want of those feelings which do honour to the multitude, he hazards something infinitely more important than the character of his understanding."

TALON.

AN IDEAL.

I love thee, though I may not see thee ever,
And yet art thou not always at my side.
As strong in help and comfort as a bride
Who comes into a life to leave it never?
More real than any substance, what can sever
Thee from my soul, or curb the rising tide
Of sacred thoughts that through my being glide,
Like some rich-flowing, fertilizing river?
I love thee, sweet, for I can love no other.
To see thee in my dreams, or day-dreams even,
Cleanses like kisses from a holy mother,
And lights a lamp to guide my feet to heaven.
Ah! ideal angel-helper, mixed with clay,
Wilt thou not come from dreamland into day?

Quebec.

W. B. H.



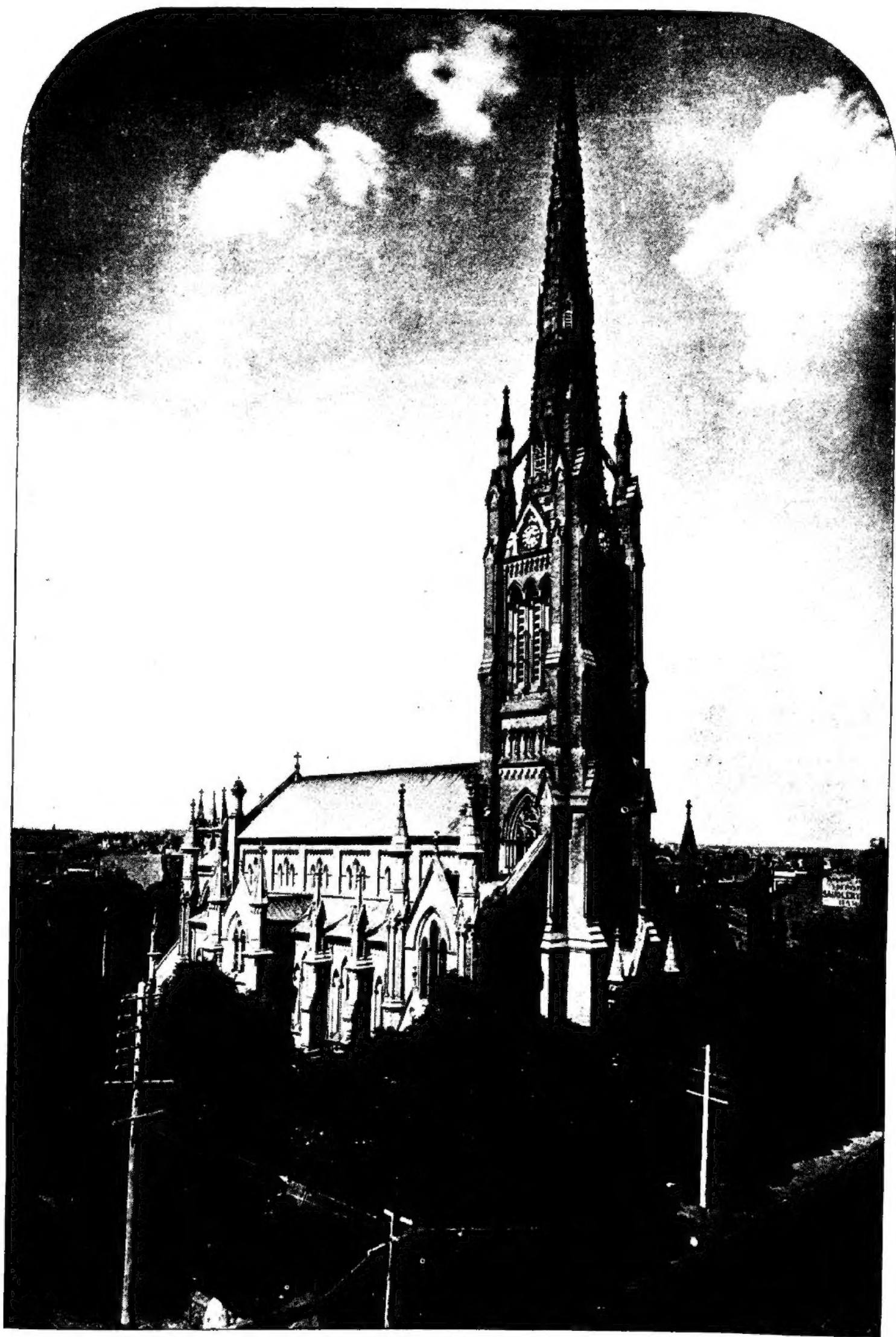
DISTANT VIEW OF BELLEIL MOUNTAIN, NEAR ST. HILAIRE.

From a photograph by Henderson.



INDIAN BASKET MAKERS' CAMP, AT ST. HILAIRE.

From a photograph by Henderson.



ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL, TORONTO.

From a photograph by Micklethwaite.



Miss Lister Lansdowne, niece and companion of Lady Stanley, at Ottawa, has just celebrated her twentieth birthday.

Mr. Robert S. White, editor of the *Gazette*, and son of the late Hon. Thomas White, has received the unanimous nomination of his party for Cardwell.

Oaklands, the handsome residence of Hon. John Macdonald, at the head of Avenue road, Toronto, was the scene last week of a reception to Major Musa Bhai and Harty, of the Salvation Army in India.

Lady Macdonald, who is reported as having just reached Victoria, B. C., is accompanied on her trip by Mrs. Allan, wife of the Speaker of the Senate, and Miss Macdonald, daughter of Senator Macdonald, of Toronto.

The Association of American Physicians elected Dr. R. Palmer Howard, of Montreal, first vice-president. McGill University was represented by no less than seven teachers, viz.: Drs. George Ross, of Union Avenue, Shepperd, Stewart, Alloway, J. C. Cameron, Bell and Wilkins.

Sir John Rose, late Canadian Finance Minister, leaves three sons, all of whom are in financial business. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by Mr. William Rose, a partner in the Stock Exchange firm of Govett, Sons & Co. Mr. Charles Day Rose long since succeeded his father as partner in Morton, Rose & Co.

At Kingston a Lancashire lass working in the cotton mill greeted Lord Stanley. He shook her hand and chatted familiarly about their old home. "I told the girls," she said, "that I was bound to speak to you." The Governor-General said he was glad she had, and added: "Tell the young women next time I come here I will go and see them and you."

QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

XII.

CANADIAN VILLANELLES.

Before closing this series of papers which, I am pleased to know, have been followed with keen interest by a large number of readers, I thought it would be a further attraction to give a few examples of the villanelle from the pen of one or two Canadian writers. Other villanelles are not quoted—as those of Mr. George Murray and Sarpeta,—because they have already appeared, for the first time, in our columns.

Of my choice of two I take Seranus first, because she has chosen her local colour in Lower Canada with a knack which adds very much to the snap and sparkle of her rhymes. The poems appeared originally in *The Week*, at intervals, this spring and summer.

Here is the first example:—

The quaint stiff metres of olden France,
Strange to hear them in Sainte Thérèse,
Metres that speak of duel and dance.

Of gay *parterre* and of trim *pleasure*,
Of sounds that flash and fringe that frays
The quaint stiff metres of olden France.

In his sash and tuque, with his keen grey glance,
Hark to Alphonse as he lustily brays
Metres that speak of duel and dance.

Measures that ring with old world romance,
Ballads, rondels and virelays,
The quaint stiff metres of olden France.

A troubadour, with his whip for a lance,
In his rude calash, his song betrays
Metres that speak of duel and dance.

Strange is it not, by a happy chance,
I should hear in the streets of Sainte Thérèse
The quaint stiff metres of olden France,
Metres that speak of duel and dance!

There is a Canadian flavour about these verses, and more than once since I first saw them, last May, have thought of them as I passed in the train before Ste. Thérèse and looked at its long crooked street from the station to the new church, the new college, and the new graveyard on the hill.

The second example is equally characteristic, as one will understand if he repeats it, standing, with his thumbs in his waistcoat sleeve-holes, and a tooth-pick in his mouth, on the steps of that perfect Greek temple, the Bank of Montreal, across

the fountain and trees of Place d'Armes to the front and towers of Notre Dame, where something like the scene lies, barring poplars, which are inside the Seminary garden:—

The tall twin towers of the grim *église*
Loom up over the wharf and street—
Over the Lombardy poplar trees.

Whatever way one goes, one sees
The *Séminaire* and is sure to meet
The tall twin towers of the grim *église*,

And for the keen Canadian breeze
Blew the sharp Canadian sleet
Over the Lombardy poplar trees

To me and Pierre who says it will freeze
By night, I feel as if I must greet
The tall twin towers of the grim *église*

For an Old World church with Old World fees,
The Old World carillon sounding sweet
Over the Lombardy poplar trees.

Vite donc! my Pierre! For the time it flees;
Once more would I see, from my snug, low seat,
The tall twin towers of the grim *église*,
Over the Lombardy poplar trees.

Upon reading this column, Mr. Samuel M. Baylis, of Montreal, agrees that "the villanelle is a dainty thing," and he forthwith writes the following on his little daughter, and sends it to me:—

Little blue-eyed Marguerite,
Mischievous, merry maid,—
Lips just made for kisses sweet.

These to take 'tis surely meet,
Wouldst thou! Oh, I'm not afraid,
Little blue-eyed Marguerite!

Fly me not with eager feet,
Pouted lips and frown-arrayed!—
Lips just made for kisses sweet.

Cry a truce, for peace we'll treat;
A kiss exchange. Why so dismayed
Little blue-eyed Marguerite?

Others there may be *petites*,
Eyes as blue, and not so staid;—
Lips just made for kisses sweet!

Jealous! Tears! Why all this heat?
Summer storms are soon allayed,
Little blue-eyed Marguerite—
Lips just made for kisses sweet.

MILITIA NOTES.

They want to have the militia system spread throughout the Northwest, but on condition that the Mounted Police be likewise maintained.

It is understood that tenders for militia supplies will shortly be called for by the Department of Militia. The appropriation for that purpose last session reached \$205,000.

The drill at all the camps during the summer was successfully carried out, but it is almost universally conceded that that at Niagara, under Col. Otter, was the best.

In the Governor-General's Match, in the Dominion Rifle Meeting, at Ottawa, Capt. Hartt, St. John Rifles, won the \$250 prize; McVittie, 10th R. G., second money, \$150; and Mitchell, 10th R. G., third money prize, \$100. These three received badges too.

The Garrison Artillery competition, at the Island of Orleans, consisted of three detachments of New Brunswick, six of Montreal, three of Prince Edward Island, four of Halifax, one of Yarmouth, one of Digby, one of Cobourg, one of Levis and one of Quebec.

In the firing competition of Brigade Batteries, at the Isle of Orleans, there were four men to each squad. The result in 64-pounders was:—

New Brunswick Brigade.	Points.
No. 1 Battery.....	91
" 3 ".....	80
" 4 ".....	91
Levis, No. 1 Battery.....	117
Montreal, No. 5 Battery.....	63
Nine officers.....	145
In the 40-pounder competition:	
Brigade Battery No. 1.....	91
" " " 2 (Montreal).....	64
" " " 3.....	46
" " " 4.....	65
" " " 6 (Montreal).....	57

"B" Battery furnished the range officers and working parties. The umpires were Lieut.-Colonels T. Irwin, Montzambert and Colton, Executive officer and camp adjutant, Capt. Rutherford, Register keeper, Capt. Donaldson. New Brunswick did "A" shift in 9 minutes and 50 seconds and "B" shift in 9.55. Montreal did "A" in 6.08 and "B" in 8.14. The P. E. I. had an "upset" in the first attempt at the "A" shift, which might have proved disastrous, but they made it afterward in about 8 minutes. The "B" shift was made by this detachment in four minutes, the best time prior to it being 8.14. It was a beautiful piece of work.

HISTORICAL COLUMN.

A friend in Orillia writes that he has in his possession a cannon ball, picked up at Fort Churchill, and asks where he could obtain a history of the fort.

The same correspondent states that the York Pioneers' Lodge, at the Toronto Industrial, is very interesting, and ought to become more so year by year. It is to be hoped that a descriptive catalogue of these treasures is published.

On the recent 125th anniversary of the capture of Quebec, the men employed in blasting operations unearthed several souvenirs of the siege in the shape of large and small cannon balls and shells. They were found embedded about two feet in the rock.

I am asked to enquire whether there is a printed copy of the life of Captain Bulger to be had? As the Bulger family are dwellers in Montreal, they may perhaps supply the answer.

Another asks me whether I know of any matters of interest relating to Simcoe in the market, at any time, and if so, he would like the vendor correspond with him, through the address which I would give him.

A pleasant proof of the way in which the English treated the French, after the fall of Quebec, is the standing order for November 4, 1759, two months after the occupation of Quebec: When a procession passes in the streets, "it is ordered that the officers pay them the compliment of the hat, because it is a civility due to the people who have chosen to live under the protection of our laws."

The question is asked: What wing of the French army de Levis commanded at the Plains? The Chevalier was not there at all, but at Montreal, looking after the Lake Champlain and Richelieu frontiers. He was quite wroth when he heard of the unnecessary capitulation of Quebec.

De Levis' military service in New France was happy throughout, displaying the gifts of an able commander. The serious check of Wolfe, at Montmorenci, on July 31, 1759, was mainly due to him, and the victory of St. Foye, on April 28, 1760, was another instance of his generalship.

The story about De Levis' destroying his battle flags, on St. Helen's Island, instead of surrendering them, ought not to be repeated, because it cannot be true, consistently with his word as a soldier and that of Vaudreuil, who, on being questioned on the absence of the colours, gave their *parole d'honneur* as to their destruction quite previous to the capitulation.

On further explanations Haldimand, acting for Amherst, was told that "although each regiment had brought out colours from France, yet in this woody country they had been found cumbersome, and of little use, in consequence of which they were destroyed." Knox adds that the colours were certainly displayed on the Plains of Abraham.

A correspondent is right about the Caughnawaga, or, as they were originally and, during the time of the wars, called, the Sault St. Louis Indians. They were the pet Indians of the time, having been under missionary tutelage from the earliest times. But they behaved badly toward the French in 1755-57, and Dieskau attributed his defeat by Johnson, in the latter year, to the treachery of the latter and the timidity of the native Canadian militia.

MUSIC AND THE STAGE.

Mr. Xhouet, first prize of the Paris Conservatory, clarinet soloist at the grand orchestra of the Spa, is about to settle in Montreal, as teacher.

Prume, the violinist, will make Canada his home. He made money in Montreal, last year, by lessons and concerts and means to keep up his name.

W. Edgar Buck is about to take charge of the musical instruction at the Hochelaga Convent. The professor is well known throughout Western Canada, and has just arrived from Paris, France, with his bride, a niece of the Marquis de Beaubricout.

IT WAS ALL FOR LOVE.

THE GODS OF BABYLON SMILED AND ALTHEA'S
BEAUTY RETURNED.

In all Babylon there was no maiden so beautiful as Althea, the daughter of Beleses, yet her lot was far from happy. She had fallen in love with Balinea, who had nothing to recommend but a face like a woman's and a voice like a lark in the morning.

Her father would have her wed the rich Arbaces, and because she refused he vowed she should be sold at the yearly auctions of maidens, and perhaps be bought up by some horrid dwarf.

But Althea was true to her poor lover, and even the prospect of being sold at auction did not cause her to swerve in her allegiance.

Time passed, and the day for the yearly sale of maidens was at hand. All Babylon was stirred by the news that the peerless Althea was to be placed on sale.

The girls were ranged on a long stone bench, closely veiled, and saying not a word. Anxious parents whispered to their children. An old man with a white beard chuckled to himself over a bag of gold. A poor man, whose necessities were known to all Babylon, though he was virtuous and of good character, solemnly stared at the little crooked figure of Gissa, who had come to be sold of her own accord, and who doubtless would bring the greatest sum with her.

The green and white robes, belted with embossed silver, about the taper waist of Althea; the white hands, the gorgeous armlets, the long earrings of rich gold, distinguished Althea from her companions, though she was closely veiled.

Those who were buyers were permitted to speak to the maidens. Arbaces approached Althea first.

"If all my fortune must be paid for thee, I will win thee, beautiful Althea," he whispered.

She answered him with a bitter laugh. Then, trembling and pale, Balinea came near.

"Althea, best beloved," he whispered, "I have sold all I have, but the sum is a mere trifle. I shall lose thee, for thou art fairer than all the women of Babylon. Arbaces will have thee. Farewell! When thou art his I will kill myself" but Althea caught him by the wrist.

"Listen, Balinea," she said. "When the time comes Arbaces will have none of me. Then thou also mayest refuse to take me. It is possible. Remain; but swear thou wilt keep silence until I place my hand thus upon the other. Then, if still thou wouldst have me, cry out: 'Give me Althea.' If not, go thy way, and I will live a maiden in my father's home forever."

"What dost thou mean, Althea?" cried Balinea; but she made no answer.

And now the crowd was bidden to silence and driven back to a certain distance; and the crier spoke thus:

"The rulers of Babylon, believing that women should be wed, for that they are feeble, helpless creatures, unfit to labour for themselves, unlearned and weak of will, so that they need protectors and directors, have instituted this auction of maidens, that no woman in Babylon need lack a husband. For the beautiful must a greater price be paid than the others, that each man may have some advantage. To-day our highest price is asked for Althea, daughter of our good citizen Beleses and his wife Nasara. Althea, unveil thyself."

Althea, at his bidding, arose and advanced. She lifted her white hand and tore the veil from her head. A shriek arose as she did so, and lookers-on stood petrified. Instead of the beautiful face they expected to see, they saw a torn and bleeding countenance, and a head destitute of every hair. Two great braids, which she cast on the stones at her feet, alone remained of her plenteous tresses.

"People of Babylon!" she cried, "this have I done that I may not wed a man I hate! How now, Arbaces? Wilt thou bid for me?"

A roar arose from the crowd, and Arbaces fell forward in a swoon and was borne away by his friends. Balinea started forward, but was checked by the soldiers.

Again the crier spoke:

"She who was the loveliest is now become the most hideous! Veil thyself, Althea."

Then another name was called. The sale proceeded. Vast sums were bid for two beauties; moderate prices for others. Even Gissa, with her little, pointed face and pretty hair and eyes, was not too ugly in the eyes of the man who received a fortune at her hands. Only Althea remained unsought—too hideous for any to desire. And now she lifted her hand, and at the signal Balinea strode forward.

"Give me Althea," he said—"Althea, who has done this for me—Althea, beautiful forever to my heart. Give her to me and keep your base gold. I'll none of it."

But Althea, giving him her hand, and still remaining veiled, spoke quickly:

"I claim my portion," she said. "Such is the law of the Babylonish sale of maidens." And she gathered the gold into her veil as her lover led her away.

And, so sayeth tradition, the gods smiled upon the lovers, and all Althea's beauty returned; the lovely hair grew long again, the wounds healed without a scar, and the constant Balinea had a lovely wife as well as a fortune. And though old Beleses might vex himself, he could alter nothing, for the woman who was sold at the yearly auction of maidens could not be taken from her husband. And they lived and loved for many happy years in the old city of Babylon.

A FLOWER.

It cam' wi' a glint o' the scenes langsyne,
Frae the hills that I ca' my ain;
An' the glens that aye wi' my dreams maun twine,
In the howes o' my waukrife brain.
Nae doubt 'twas a feckless thing to sen',
But it thrilled my heart, forsooth!
Wi' a nameless joy that few can ken,
That flow'r frae the hame o' my youth.

I hae look't on grander gems o' licht,
An' fresher frae Nature's hand,
But nae that were burden't wi' thocht mair bricht,
In the length o' breadth o' the land:
For it brocht wi' its blinks o' dew-deck'd lea,
An' its pearlins o' muirlan' truth,
A kiss frae the mou' that I fain wad pree,—
Sweet! flow'r frae the hame o' my youth.

The smiling o' Fortune may e'en gang by,
An' the lustre o' coronets wane,
But Love, like a star in the gloamin' sky,
Beams aft in the gloom alane.
An' tho' 'neath the blasts o' misfortune chill,
The blossoms o' Hope may fa',
A Han' frae aboon has plantit still
A flow'r in the world for a'.

Montreal.

JOHN ARBORY.

[The author—who signs another name than his own—writes to ask whether we will accept a lyric in Lowland Scotch, as it may prove interesting, or at least a literary curiosity, to the ever-increasing circle of our readers. We print these verses with pleasure, as they flow nicely and have a sweet thought in them.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

SHORT \$10.

The teller stood at the wicket,
As cheery as a cricket,
When a man came in,
Who smelt of gin,
With a beard as dense as a thicket.

Said he, "My friend, I'm blind,
And so if you don't mind,
Instead of this ten,
Just hand me again
Some ones if you'll be so kind."

The teller saw he had blundered,
The bill was for one hundred,
But the demon of greed
Made him change it with speed
Although at the error he wondered.

Since then he a lesson has had,
He must borrow a ten from his dad,
You never will find
He'll again be so kind
For the bill and the man both were bad.

Huntingdon, P. Q.

MACK.

The telautograph is a new discovery—a combination instrument designed to transmit messages in the sender's own handwriting. The principle is to control the electric current whereby a "pulsation current" is produced.



When a man and woman discuss the subject of matrimony, one seldom gets the better of the other. It usually results in a tie.

A gentleman said to the minister: "When do you expect to see Deacon S— again?" "Never," said the reverend gentleman, solemnly; "the deacon is in heaven."

It is very difficult for some women to get into a hammock gracefully, but it is very much more difficult for the average man to get out of one at all, unless he hears the dinner bell.

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Go out to swim? Good land!"

No, don your nobby bathing dress

And gambol in the sand."

John R. Bollers, of New London, Ct., has nearly completed a poem entitled "The Gates of Hell Ajar," on which he has been at work for years. An impression prevailed that those gates always stood wide open.

A clergyman, pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider the "deplorable condition of 30,000 Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial."

Reginald—"Elsie, I love you. I—" Elsie (interrupting)—"Really, Mr. Regi—" Reginald (interrupting)—"Before you finish, come out and have some wine jelly, ice cream, cocoanuts, lemonade, fried oysters and a sherbet." Elsie (fondly)—"Reginald, I always loved you."

"John," said Mrs. Billus, affectionately, "I wish I could do something to relieve your toothache, or at least to help you to forget it. Shall I sing for you?" and she seated herself at the piano. "I—I guess I can stand it, Maria," moaned Mr. Billus, bracing himself in his chair; "go ahead."

Rev. Mr. G., a clergyman, being recently absent from home on business, his little son calmly folded his hands and asked the blessing usually pronounced by his father at their morning meal. At lunch, being asked to pronounce the blessing, he replied, with a grave face: "No; I don't like the looks o' them taters."

Railroad superintendent (to applicant): "Have you sufficient nerve and courage to do your duty in time of danger?" Applicant (with a superior smile): "Nerve and courage, sir? I jest ate three of those railroad sandwiches downstairs." Superintendent (to clerk): "Give this man an engine on the 'limited' night run."

A bashful gentleman, who visited a school kept by a young lady, was asked by the teacher to say a few words to the pupils. This was his speech: "Scholars, I hope you will always love your school and your teacher as much as I do." A tableau of giggling pupils and a blushing teacher attested the effectiveness of his words.

A "legitimate" barn-stormer recently returned to the city on foot after an unsuccessful starring tour in Shakespeare characters. A friend accosted him, and asked him what luck he had had. "Luck," the actor replied; "why, down there in Jayville, Jay county, I played to four kerosene lamps, and two of those went out after the first act."

A gentleman of Americus, Ga., who, by the way, has a fad or two, was walking down town the other day with a witty lady, the intimate and guest of his wife, when he began to revile facetiously the gate and carriage of her sex. "Even you," said he, "walk with a very mechanical step." "Yes," she instantly replied, "I am going with a crank."

Everybody has been served but Tommy, whom his father had completely forgotten. Of course, he would not ask for his dinner, having been admonished not to ask for things at table. But presently his mother, requiring a plate, called the servant to fetch one, whereupon Tommy remarked, timidly: "Take mine, mamma; you see, it's quite clean."

Friend—"You seem to be excited, Mrs. Jones." Widow—"I am excited; I have been grossly insulted." "What is the matter?" "Well, just think of the impudence of young Jinks. Yesterday I buried my husband, and this morning he came and proposed to me." "You showed him the door?" "Of course I did, and I gave him to understand that he was not to show his face in this house again for at least a week."

After a lieutenant on board an English guardship applied to his captain to go on shore and was refused, he asked for reasons of refusal, and expostulated: "If I ask for leave and you refuse it without giving any reason, I shall walk about the deck with a stigma on my back." "By George, sir!" cried the captain, "if I catch you walking up and down Her Majesty's deck with anything but Her Majesty's uniform on your back, I'll have you tried by court martial."

A millionaire railway king has a brother who is hard of hearing, while he himself is remarkable as having a very prominent nose. Once this railway king dined at a friend's house, where he sat between two young ladies, who talked to him very loudly, rather to his annoyance, but he said nothing. Finally one of them shouted a commonplace remark, and then said, in an ordinary tone, to the other: "Did you ever see such an ass in all your life?" "Pardon me, ladies," said the millionaire, "it is my brother who is deaf!"



PRESENCE OF MIND.

MISS DE SMYTHE (just introduced to Miss Ryder): Do look there. He cannot be going to race, can he?

MISS RYDER: Who?

MISS DE SMYTHE: Why, that grotesque, bandy-legged little —

MISS RYDER: — horse that papa is holding? O, that's Vixen, his favorite mare.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

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Sault Ste. Marie Canal

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on **TUESDAY**, the 23rd day of October next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, &c. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, &c.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after **TUESDAY**, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further a **bank deposit receipt** for the sum of \$50,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a **bank deposit receipt** for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, &c.

The respective **deposit receipts**—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. This Department, however, does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.